

A Summer Proposition.

Well, now, there's the

ICE QUESTION!

You know you'll need ice, you know it is a necessity in hot weather. We believe you are anxious to get that ice which will give you satisfaction, and we'd like to supply you. Order from

THE OAHU ICE & ELECTRIC CO.

Telephone 1151 Blue, Postoffice Box 606.

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The Elite Ice Cream Parlors.
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Three trains daily through cars, first and second class to all points. Reduced rates take effect soon. Write

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OAHU RAILWAY AND LAND CO'S

TIME TABLE

OCTOBER 6, 1904.

OUTWARD.

For Waianae, Waiakoa, Kahuku and
Way Stations—9:15 a. m., 9:30 p. m.
For Pearl City, Ewa Mill and Way
Stations—7:30 a. m., 9:15 a. m.,
11:05 a. m., 12:15 p. m., 3:20 p. m.,
5:25 p. m., 10:30 p. m., 11:15 p. m.

INW RD.

Arrive Honolulu from Kahuku, Waiakoa and Waianae—8:30 a. m., 5:31 p. m.

Arrive Honolulu from Ewa Mill and Pearl City—7:46 a. m., 8:35 a. m., 10:30 a. m., 1:40 p. m., 4:31 p. m., 5:31 p. m., 7:30 p. m.

Sunday Excepted.
The Haleiwa Limited, a two hour train, leaves Honolulu every Sunday at 8:30 a. m. returning arrives in Honolulu at 10:10 p. m. The Limited stops only at Pearl City and Waianae.

P. DENNISON, P. C. SMITH,
Supt. G. P. & T. A.

Good appetite, good digestion, refreshing sleep—these are essential to good health; and the following testimonial shows how they were obtained by using

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

"Six years ago I had an attack of indigestion and liver complaint that lasted for weeks. I was unable to do any hard



work, had no appetite, food distressed me and I suffered much from headache. My skin was sallow, and sleep did not refresh me. I tried several remedies without obtaining any relief. Finally, one of my customers recommended Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It helped me from the first—in fact, after taking six bottles I was completely cured, and could eat anything and sleep like a child."

There are many imitation Sarsaparillas. Be sure you get "AYER'S."

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass., U. S. A.

AYER'S PILLS, the best family laxative.

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C. BREWER & CO., LIMITED

QUEEN STREET, HONOLULU, H. T.

AGENTS FOR

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PITTSBURG SOCIETY.

It is curious that Pittsburg society above all others, should be having such a bad time digesting the chorus-girl artist's model wife of the sprightly Harry Thaw.—Detroit Journal.

P. O. S.

Gen. Stoessel may as well expect to bear the blame for all the inefficiency in the Russian army, enormous as is the responsibility.

TOWN TALK

By The Man About Town.

The Independent will be missed by quite a circle. It was nearly always interesting and its style was often unique. In its older and better days it commanded a much wider attention than during the past year or so, and always its voice was for royalism. Though of late assuming to be Democratic, its note was essentially that of the royalist party. It was loyal to the idea of Hawaiian sovereignty, and its editor is likely to be always in the class of the Unreconstructed.

A few years ago the cantankerous little daily had on its staff two very able writers. The late Horace Wright and E. S. Norrie, Englishman and Dane, were bright writers and both of them consistent opponents of the new regime that began with '93, and they lost no chances to keep alive the notion that the Hawaiian Islands had been stolen or taken by force as conquered Territory. Wright had had large experience in journalism and had seen better days. There came a New Year's morning when he was found dead in his editorial chair, a victim of his own hand, and the paper was left practically to Norrie.

Norrie was a consummate master of the double entendre, and a handler of very biting English. It was his boast that he had been thirteen times arrested for libel and never convicted. Illness finally forced his retirement, and now he is rusticated on Hawaii, free from the daily troubles of journalism. F. J. Test, with more or less assistance from retired journalists here has been running the paper for many months. Its tone has not been very elevated, and its downward course was inevitable. The disputes of '93 have long been dying out, and there was nothing left for the Independent but to bite and snarl at all in authority. This it did with consistency and often with wit and cleverness. "Thank God," said a local official the morning after the little daily announced its own death "that blanked old Independent is made." The paper was feared, perhaps as much for its often improper freedom of personality as for its more legitimate independence in criticism. It was neither American nor wholly Hawaiian in its sympathies. It attacked most things American and yet assumed to be Democratic. Hence its utterances were a source of campaign terror to the Democrats it was trying to aid—they feared to "stand for" its utterances in an American community.

Editor Test made a long and brave struggle to keep the paper up. But he was fighting against odds that would have downed a better man than he. The Independent had no news and had to depend on its criticisms to keep up interest in it and these were but a series of more or less clever "knocks." Its dingy little office, with a press turned by a hand crank, is like the city printing offices of long years ago, or the backwoods plants of America today.

I was up in Palolo Valley the other day and happened to meet the Editor of the Star. So I asked him how that experiment the Bystander told about was getting along, the one where a custard apple had been grafted on to a bread fruit tree in order to grow sponge cake. He said that the Bystander had got that a little mixed, probably his goose had told him about it. The facts were, the editor said, that when he decided to take up small farming he had gone to Walter G. Smith as the greatest authority on small farming, and had asked his advice about what to plant. Walter G. Smith, among other similar things, had advised this custard apple-breadfruit tree graft, but as yet he had not undertaken it.

"This is a beautiful country," remarked Attorney Frank Thompson, discussing the departure of Lorrin Andrews. "Everyone who comes here becomes attached to the islands so that they hate to leave. I like the country myself. Anyhow it isn't safe to leave. As soon as one gets away from here someone opens up on him and shows that he is a horse thief. I shall never leave the islands for I dissent."

Even the Parker Ranch case, with all its bitter recriminations developed a touch of humor during the week. A few mornings ago the wall of Judge Lindsay's courtroom, close by where the Carter and Knight forces sit at a table piled with transcripts of testimony and other records, was decorated with a colored picture from the New York Herald. It was a full page "Buster Brown" drawing. It showed little Buster having his picture taken on the farm. The child stood in the center of the picture and around him were scores of animals. Cattle, sheep, pigs, horses, mules, ducks, chickens, pigeons, almost hid the barn. Mrs. Knight, who has been attending the trial lately, seemed to be greatly amused at the picture. "This is the minor," she said, indicating Buster "and this is the way the Parker ranch ought to look." The laughter communicated itself across the courtroom to where the enemy sat, and even the strenuously working Magoon found time to drop his work for a moment and laugh. Of course the picture was taken down when the judge entered and the day's fight was resumed, but I am told that the picture finally found its way to him.

I am told that the new manager of the Hawaiian Hotel is named H. Bews and that "for the last seven years he has been in charge of the boarding department of the Lane Hospital in San Francisco." Well he ought to be a good man for the hotel; no doubt he

knows all about food values. Perhaps he can convince the guests that sweet potatoes and nuts are better than good roast beef and Yorkshire pudding; if he can he will make money for the hotel. But seriously, isn't a hospital a strange place to invade in search of a hotel manager.

While Joe Cohen was in Portland he and a friend attended a theatre; after the show they went to a respectable neighboring rathskeller to cheer the inward man with Welsh rarebit. Surrounding them were ten brave men and ten beautiful women. During one of the unaccountable silences that fall upon places of concourse, two men were seen coming down the stairs. The voice of one of them cut the silence like a knife: "There's a woman with a horsewhip in the lobby looking for her husband," he said. Upon which, ten men simultaneously rose, whispered adieus to their fair companions, and went out by another door.

The Advertiser's "Bystander" publishes the following:

"Political candidates in Honolulu usually look upon the opposition of the Advertiser, if they can get it, as an asset.—Star's Man About Town.

"Yes? I presume that Sewall, Little, Gear, Humphreys, Galbraith, Kumahae, Charley Booth, Jim Shaw, Boyd and twenty or thirty more candidates for office whom the Advertiser has upset for the public good, would enjoy some more of those 'assets.'"

Of course the kind of candidates I referred to, as shown by the text of the paragraph from which the Advertiser man clips a sentence, were candidates for election by the people. These are the ones who regard the opposition of the morning paper as an asset. As for candidates for appointments, they are in a very different position, but I note that of the list of nine which the Advertiser man names six GOT THE APPOINTMENTS OR ELECTION they were after. Four lost their positions through their actions in office and the other two retired voluntarily. Jim Shaw was driven from the last Republican ticket by the Star's exposure of his record. Sewall had far worse handicaps than the Advertiser when he attempted to get the governorship over the head of Sanford B. Dole. The list seems to resolve itself to a list of one,—Charley Booth.

So Secretary Taft complacently announces—evidently with the expectation that somebody will believe him—that the presents which Miss Alice Roosevelt received from various foreign potentates are mere junk. This is the first time that I have ever heard that the Emperor of Japan, that the Empress of China and more of the potentates of the Far East were a skimpy lot. To be perfectly frank I do not believe him. Perhaps the Secretary desired to appear gallant and meant when he called the presents mere junk that they were mere junk when compared to the sweet graciousness of his fair charge. If that is the correct explanation let it go and hurrah for Taft, but if he thinks that anybody will take his remarks in a literal sense, he would be wise to hedge. It is strange how th dips, spurs, ramifications and deviations of world affairs touch us in Honolulu. We are in fact, a most wonderful people. Even the incident of the gifts to Miss Roosevelt has a local end. Suppose that it should be discovered that her presents were mere junk, as a natural consequence the presents that were received by our local prizes from Prince Fushimi must be mere junk too. That elegant bolt of silk that Lieutenant Tommy Cummins received is mere cotton, that silver vase received by Captain Sam Johnson is nothing but pewter; while the Satsuma vase sent to Secretary Jack is crockery of the poorest kind. For the sake of Dear Hawaii and those presents I hope that Secretary Taft was speaking poetically.

While the quarantine on outgoing boats may be all right in its way, there are some details about it that I can not quite appreciate. Why a person living in Honolulu and who has business aboard a boat cannot be permitted to go ashore and at the same time every cabin passenger aboard the vessel is permitted to go ashore, I do not understand. It is claimed that people living ashore are more apt to come into contact with contagion than are those who come off the boats. Nothing could be further from the fact. People who live ashore shun the sections where contagion is likely to exist; whereas tourists who come ashore wander about indifferently and are as apt to get into a contagion breeding section as any where else in the city. I think that in this respect the quarantine as now enforced, is inconsistent.

"The Hawaiian language is a sort of an unknown quantity among most people round this dreary world," remarked an old friend the other day "but now and again in all sorts of climes, it is heard most unexpectedly."

"I'll never forget one day that I was going east on the Union Pacific when there were two chaps talking Hawaiian on the car. I understood what they were saying and, consequently I was more than amused when I heard a man across the aisle say to his friend: "You understand Russian, old man, don't you? I'd like to know what those men are talking about."

Ties! Ties! Ties!

We are making a specialty of ties this week and can boast of the newest styles direct from the East.

SEE OUR DISPLAY.

K. ISOSHIMA

KING STREET NEAR BETHEL



Trade Mark

California Limited

TO
Chicago in 3 Days

Leaves Mondays and Thursdays
At 9:30 a. m.
With Dinners and Sleepers.

Passenger Agent, W. G. Irwin & Co., Office



A Good Judge of Beer

will always choose

Primo Lager

It is delightful in flavor, properly aged and absolutely pure

SILK GOODS

We are showing the latest creations in ladies silk gowns and kimonos. Must be seen to be appreciated.

WATCH FOR OUR CHRISTMAS ANNOUNCEMENT.

Sayegusa,
NUUANU STREET NEAR HOTEL.

FOREIGN NEWS BY CABLE

QUIET IN ST. PETERSBURG.

ST. PETERSBURG, November 4.—It was quiet in this city last night. The streets were heavily patrolled. Suppressed newspapers will reappear tomorrow. Count de Witte is having trouble to form a cabinet, prominent Liberals having declined portfolios.

MEN-OF-WAR FOR FINLAND.

REVAL, November 4.—Several warships have departed for Hel-singfors.

ODESSA STORES PILLAGED.

ODESSA, November 4.—Wholesale stores were pillaged last night. Consulates and hotels are under guard.

SOLDIERS FOR REVOLUTION.

WARSAW, November 4.—Three hundred and fifty political prisoners have been liberated. Uniformed soldiers haranged public meetings, assuring the early co-operation of the army in the revolution. A bomb has been exploded in the telegraph office and the operators killed or wounded.

KISHINEFF BURNED.

LONDON, November 4.—It is reported that Kishineff has been destroyed by fire. Prince Obolensky has been appointed Chief Procurator of the Holy Synod in place of Pobiedonostseff.

ANARCHY AT ODESSA.

LONDON, November 4.—The casualties yesterday at Odessa were 500, and the railway stations are burning.

PRESIDENT RECEIVES PRINCE.

WASHINGTON, November 4.—The British Ambassador presented Prince Louis of Battenberg to President Roosevelt yesterday. There was a brilliant reception.